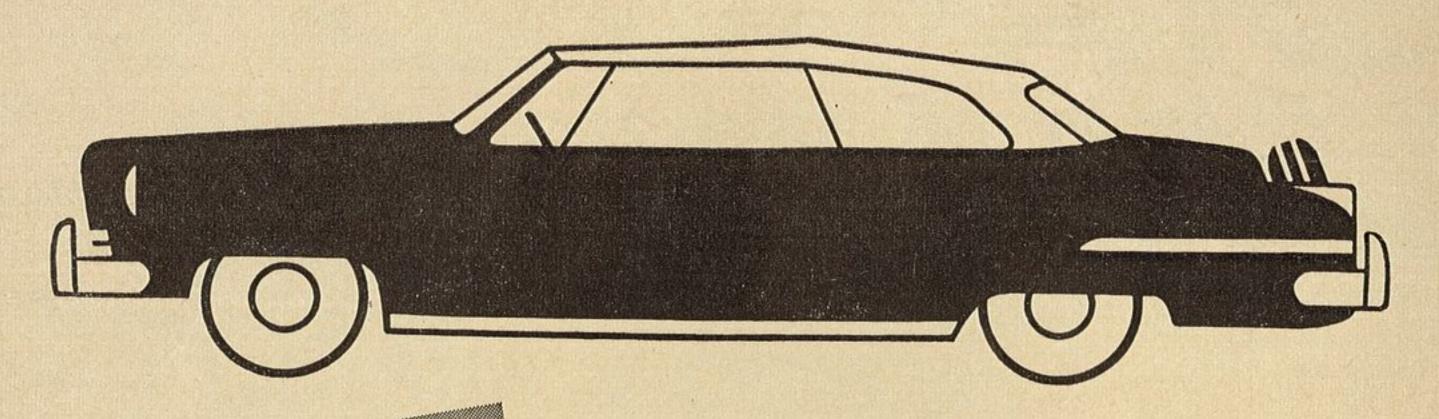




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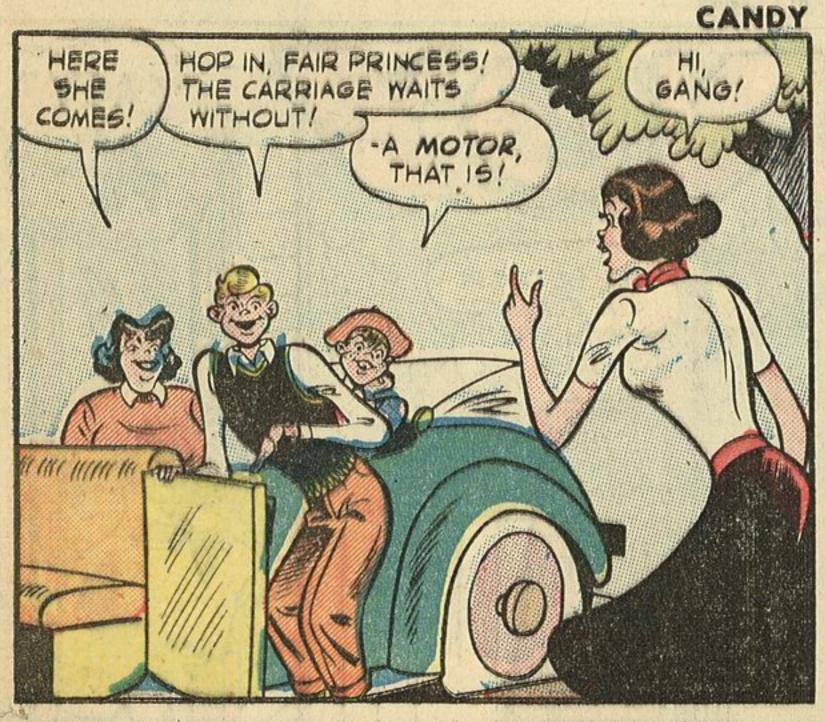
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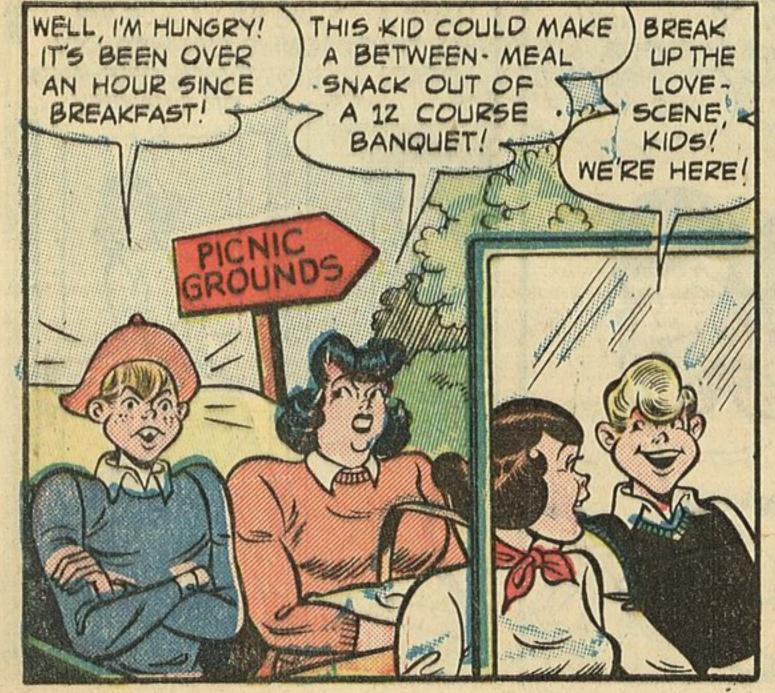


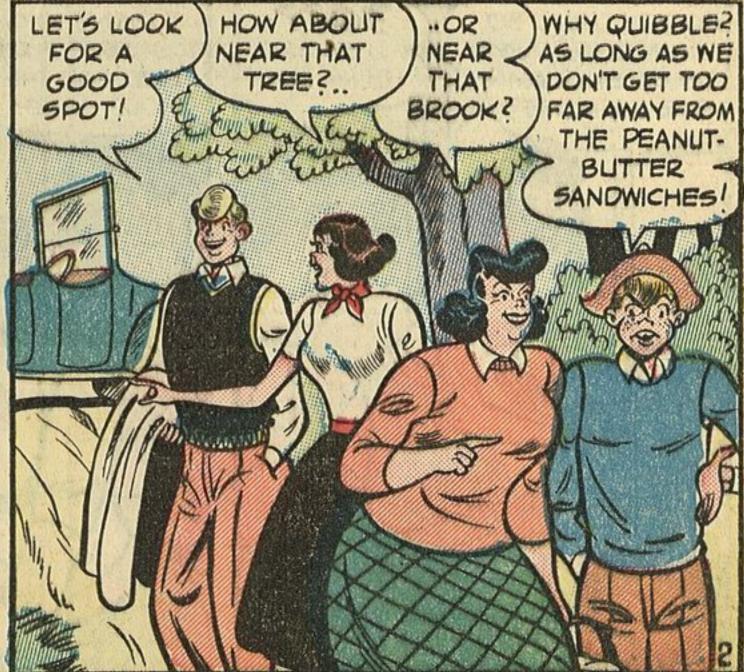


















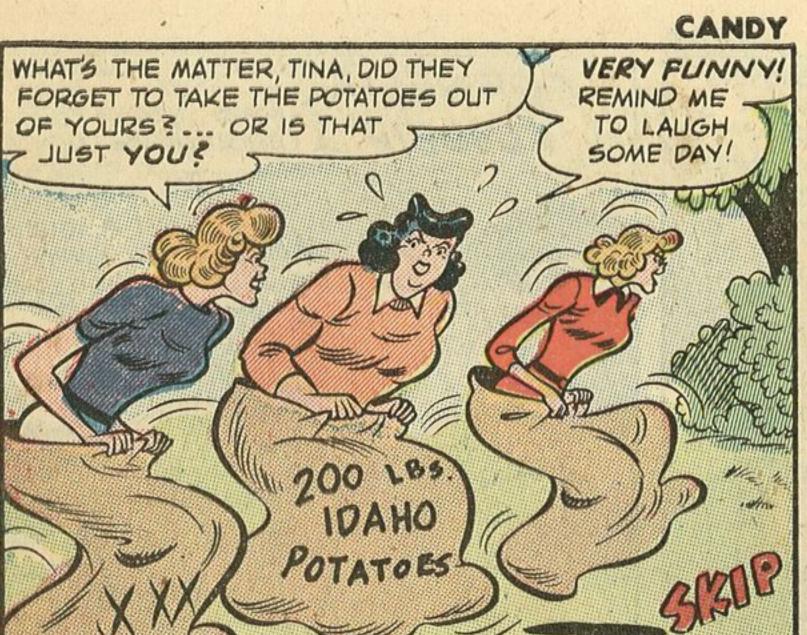






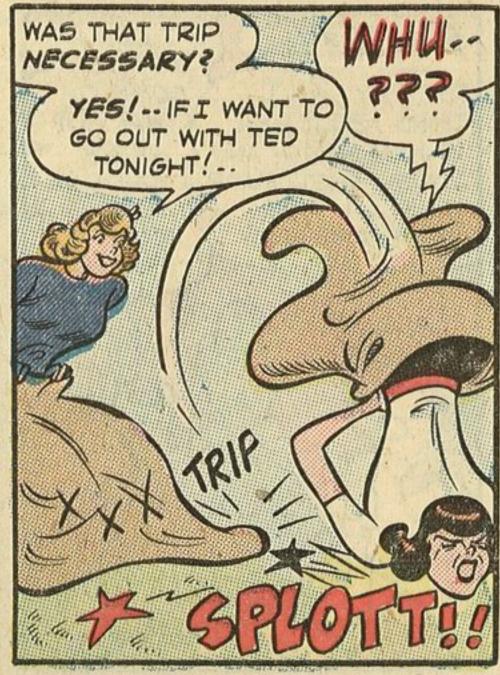




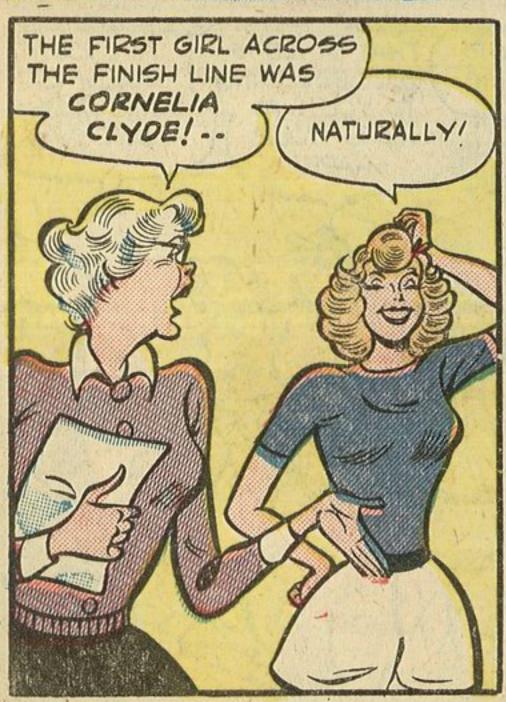


















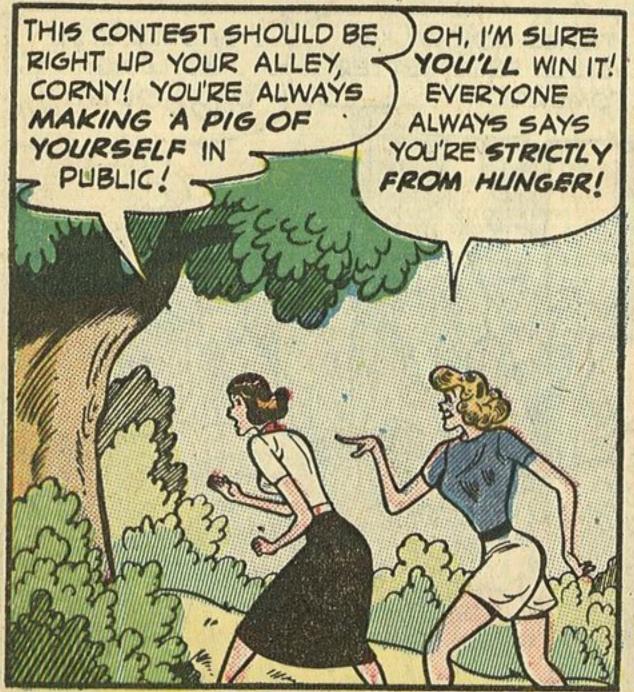


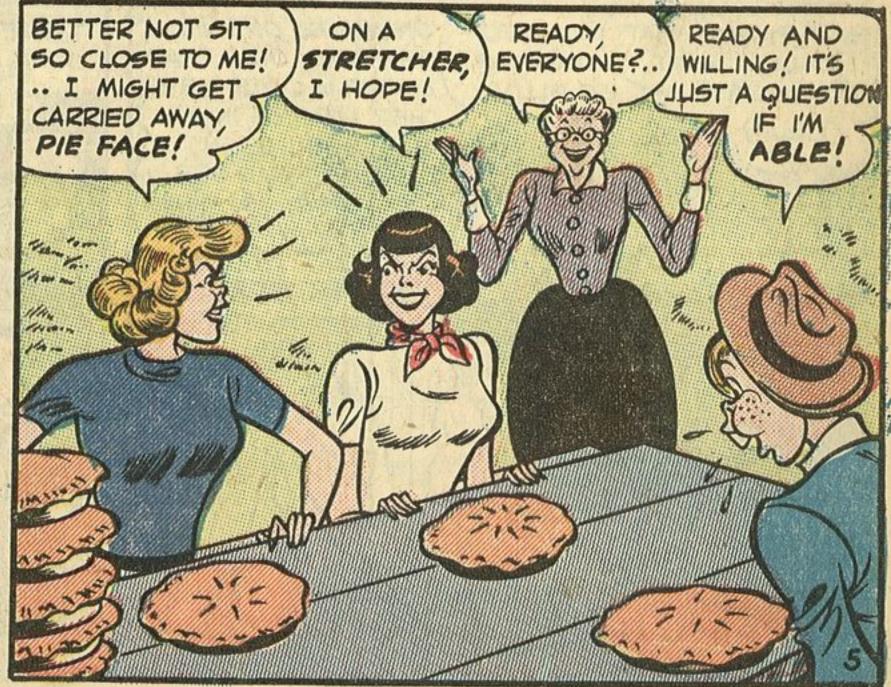














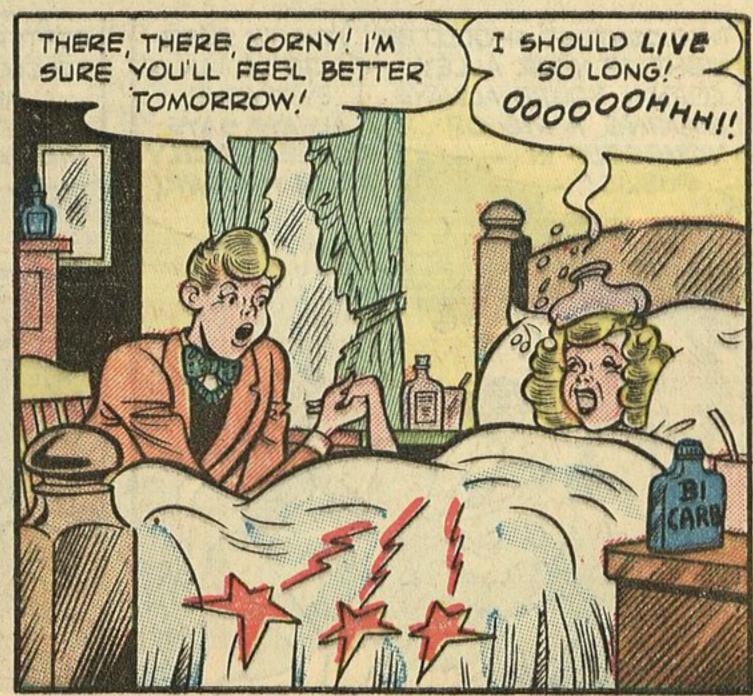








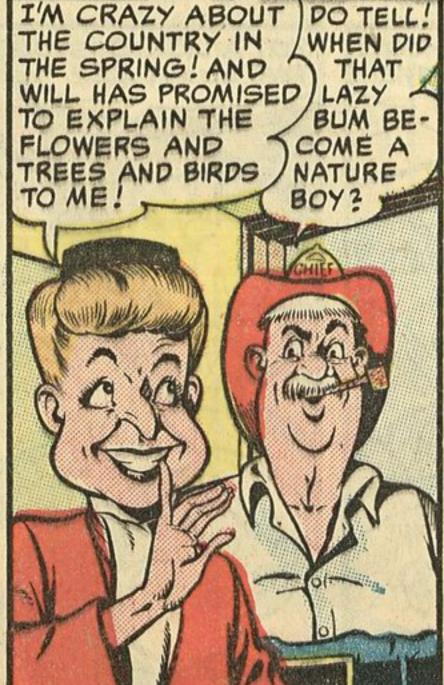




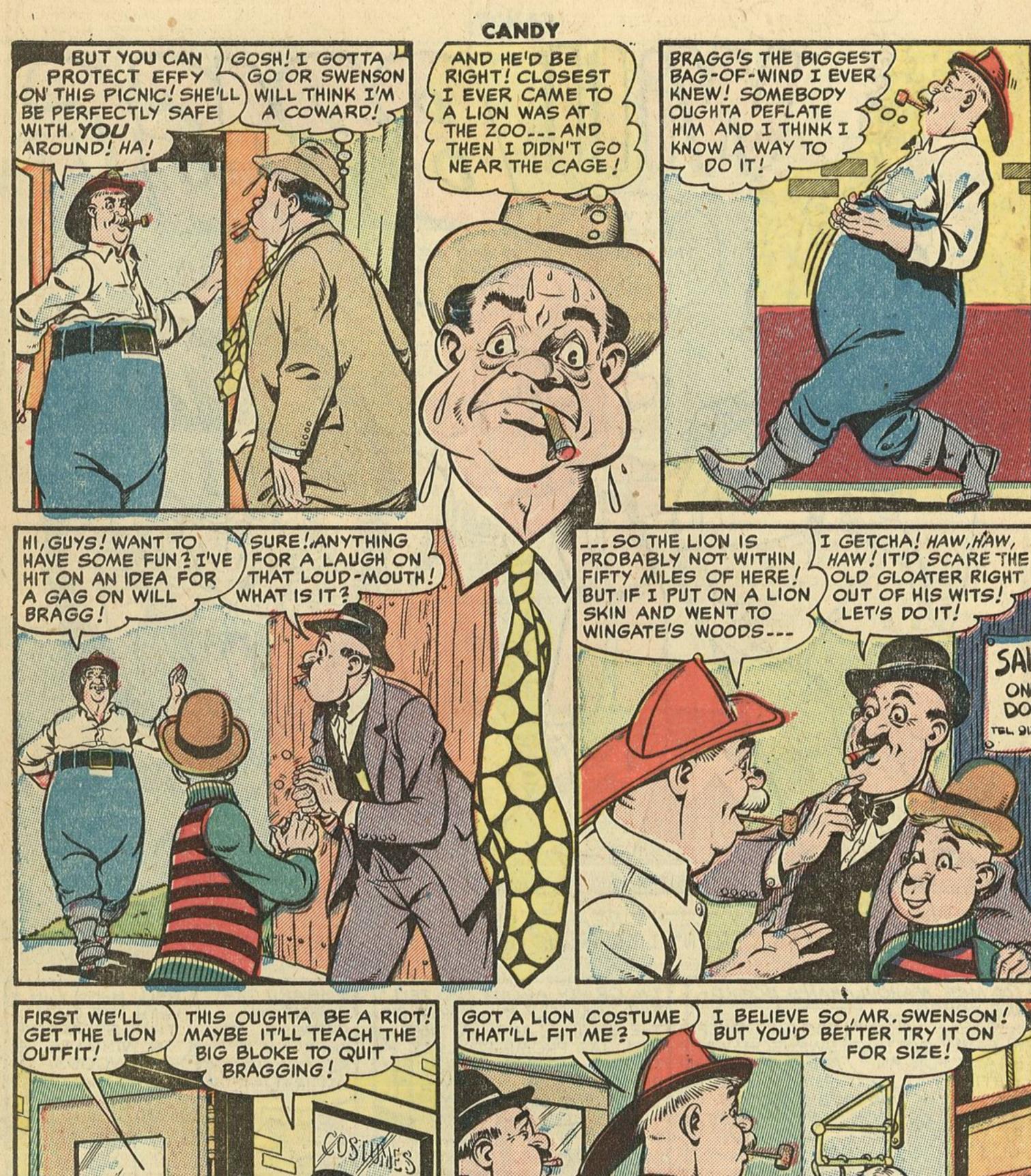


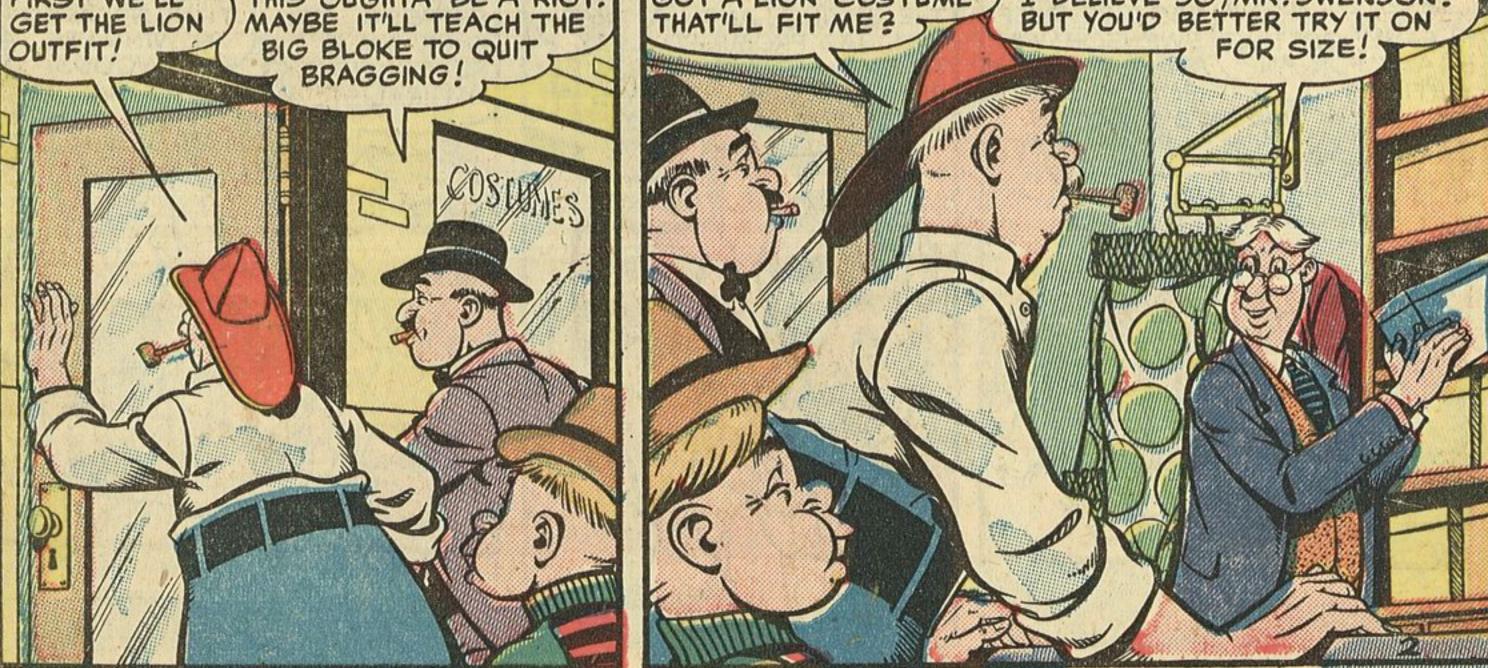
WILL BRAGG REALLY DOESN'T MEAN TO BE A LIAR! IT'S JUST THAT HIS GREATEST TALENT LIES IN HIS ABILITY TO IGNORE THE TRUTH!

































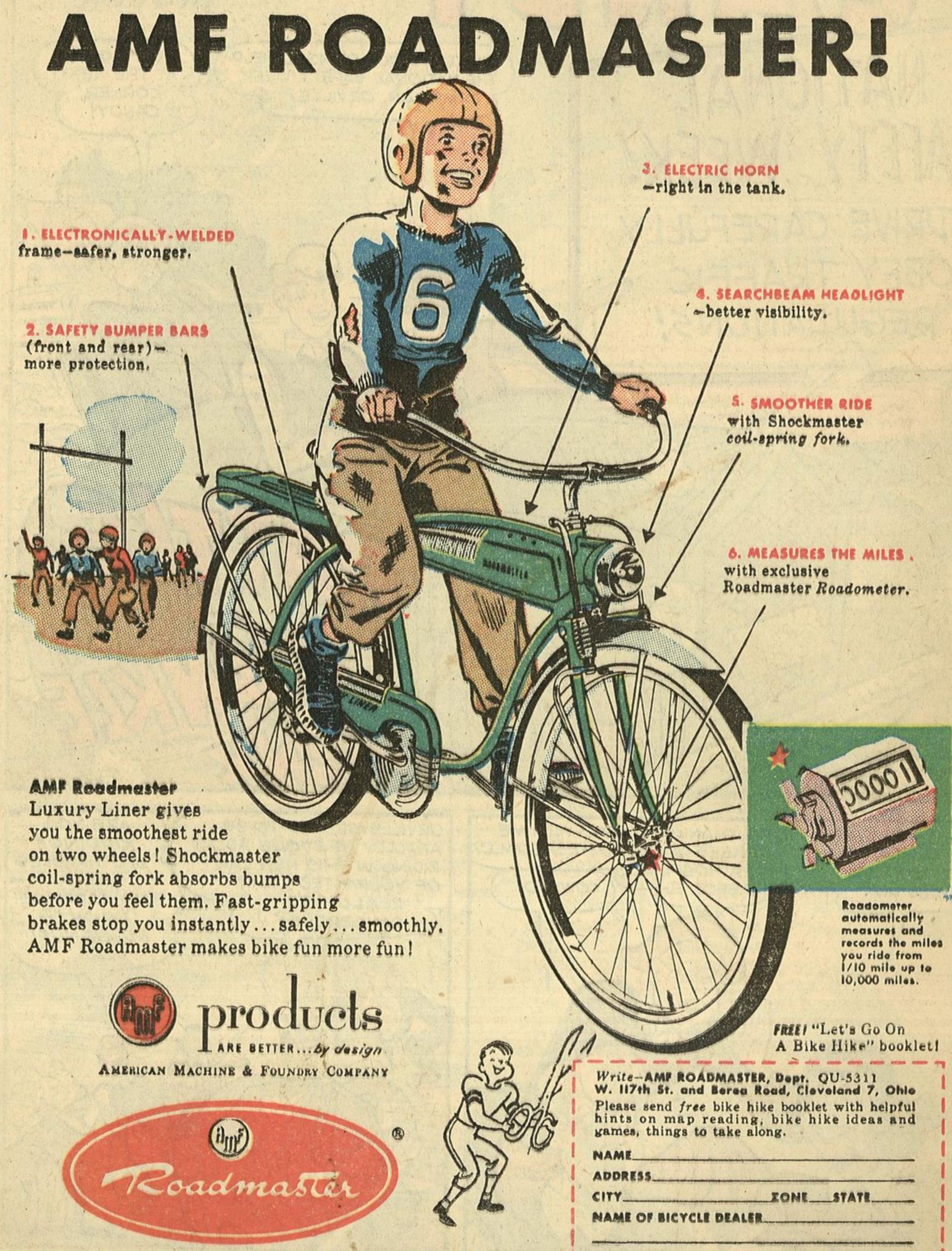




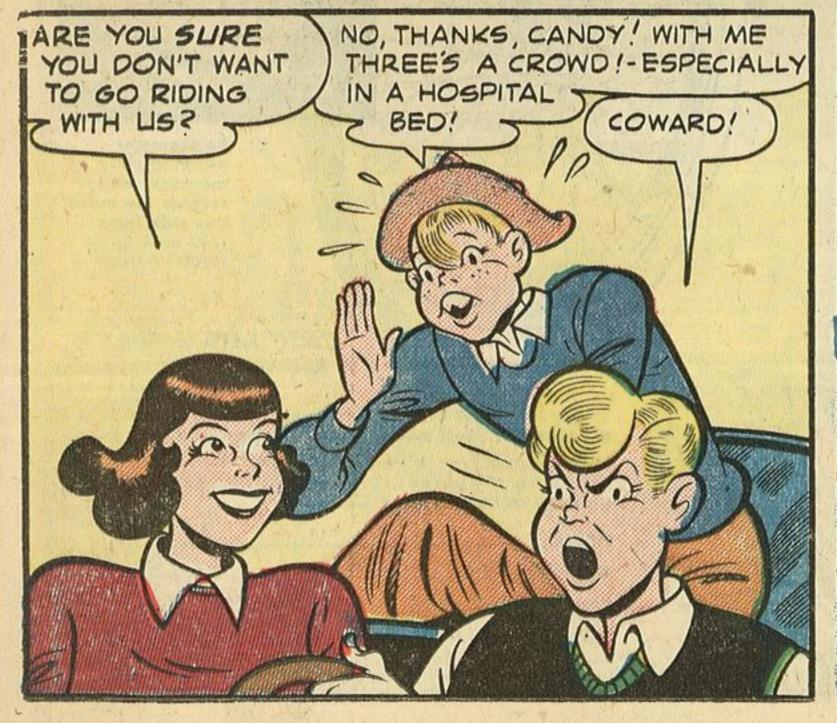
--- AND THEN THERE THERE'S WAS THE TIME WHEN / NOT A WORD OF WE WENT UP THE AMAZON! BOA TRUTH TO IT! CONSTRICTORS BUT BRAGG'S HUNG FROM THE SUCH A LUCKY LIAR THAT I'LL TREES! ANGRY, HUNGRY EYES PROBABLY GLARED AT US NEVER BE ABLE FROM SHORE ... TO PROVE IT!

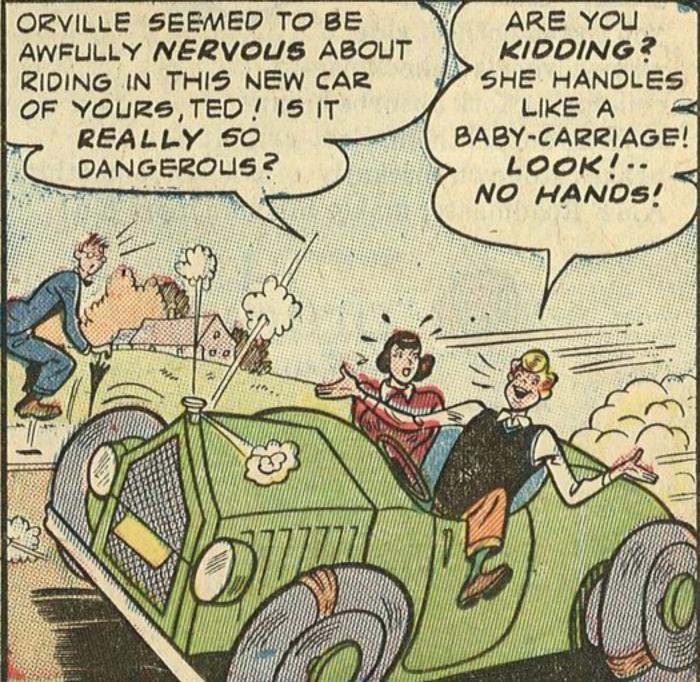


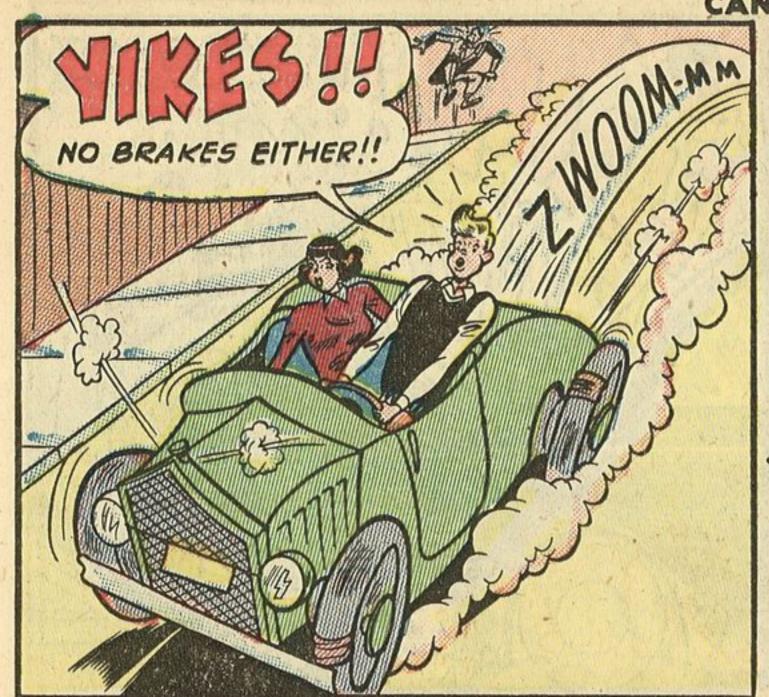
He won by b points with AMF ROADMASTER!

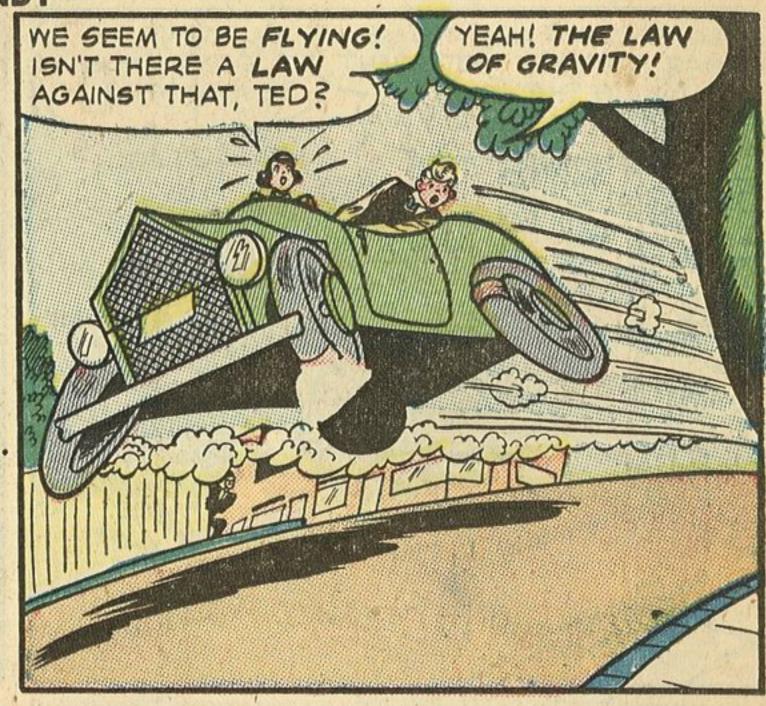


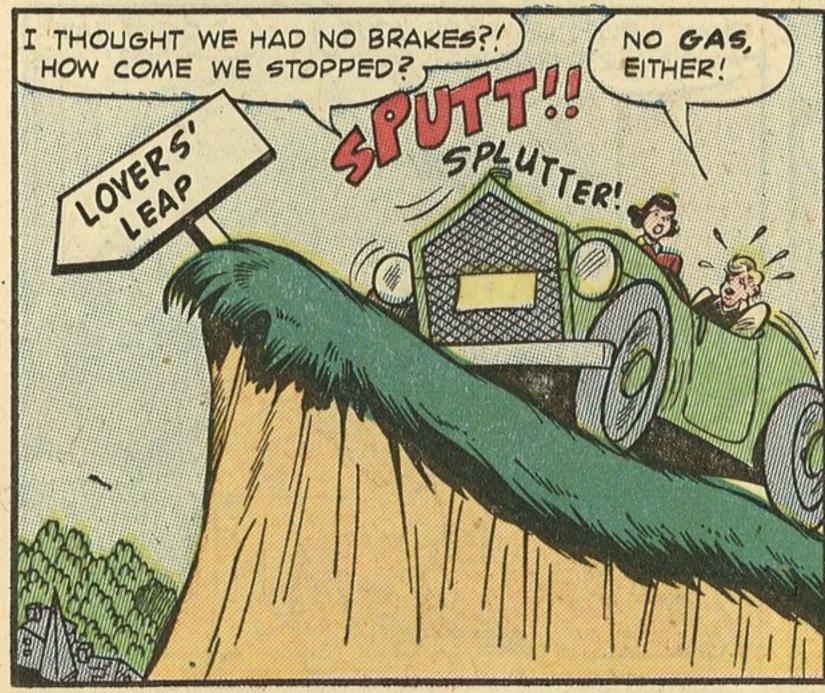


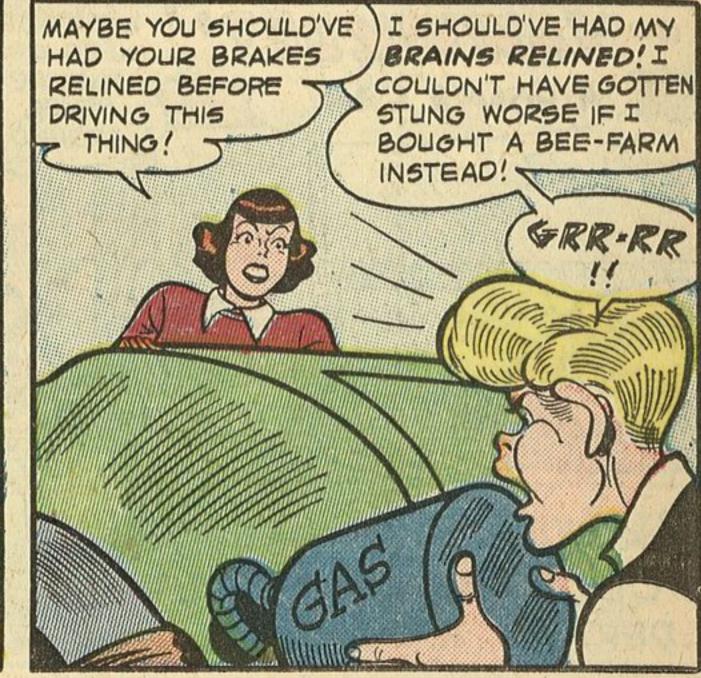










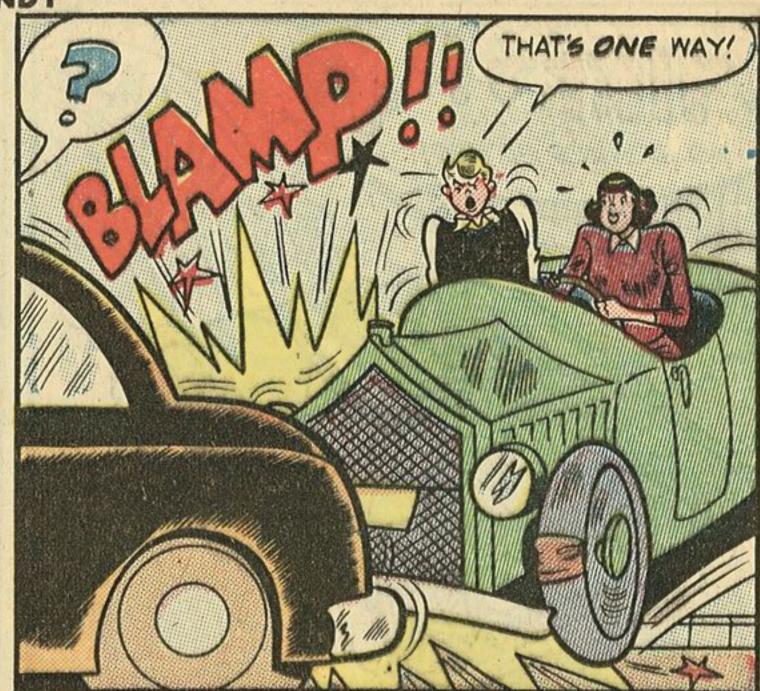


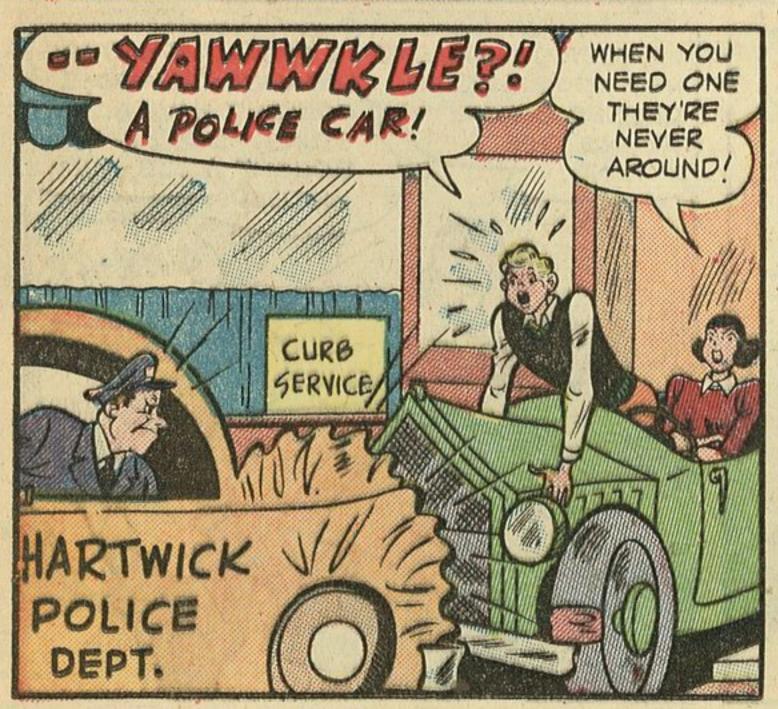








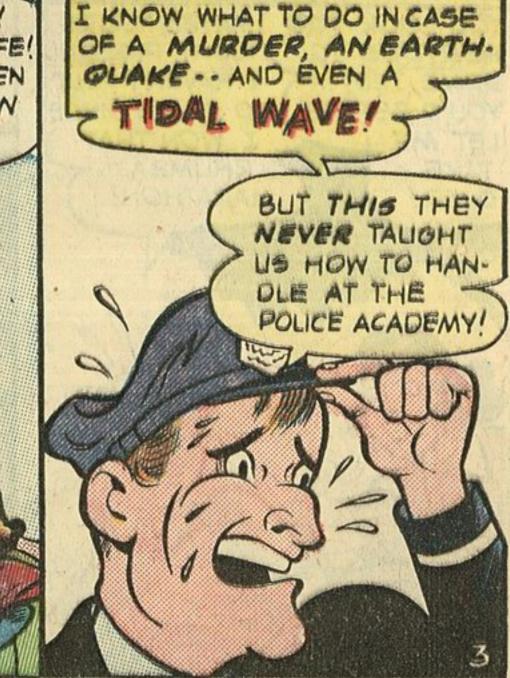


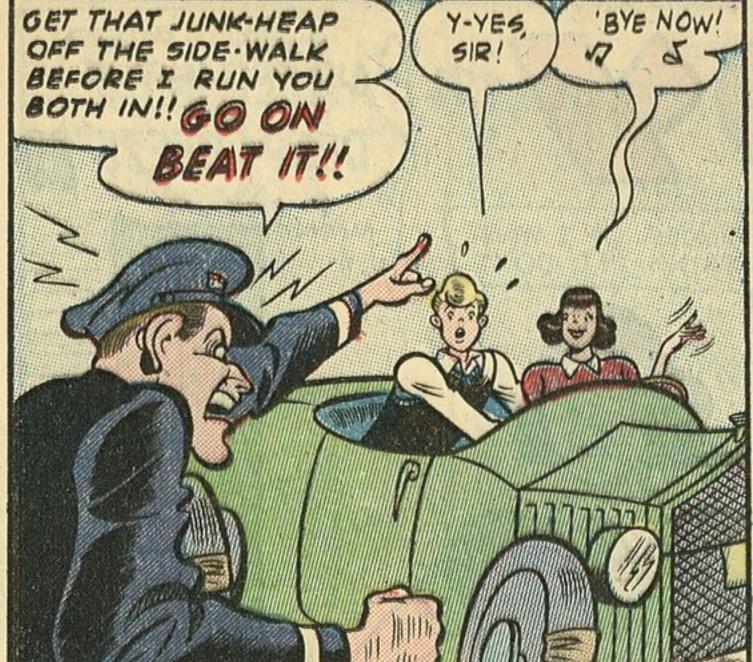




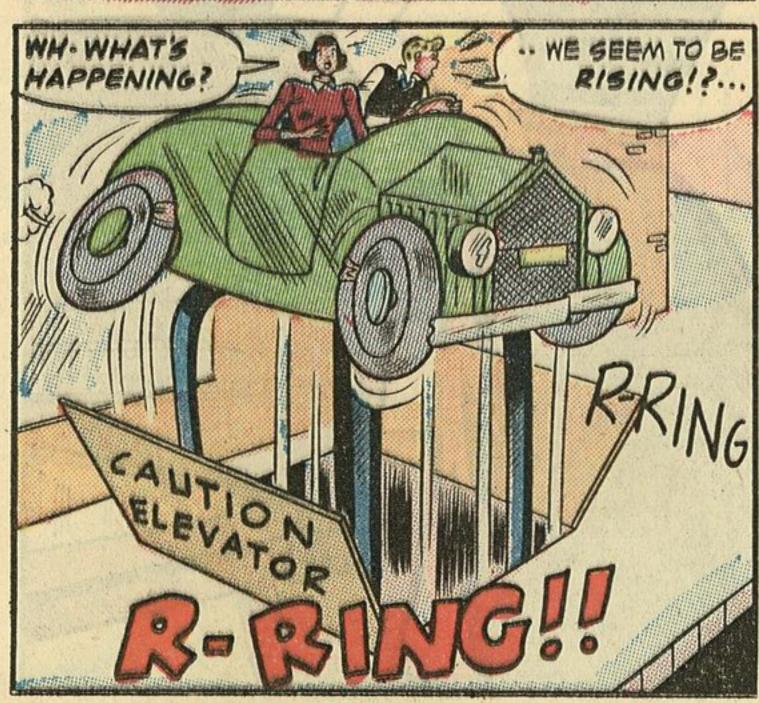


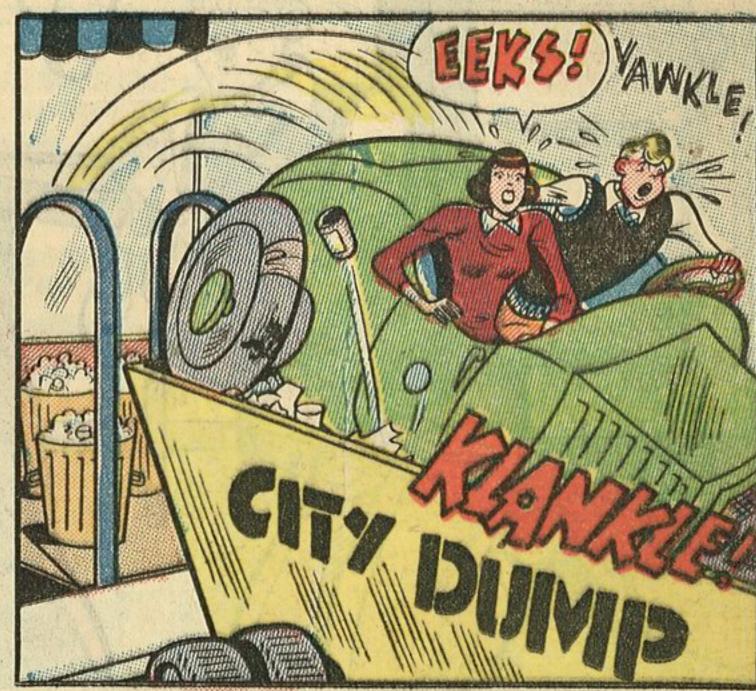


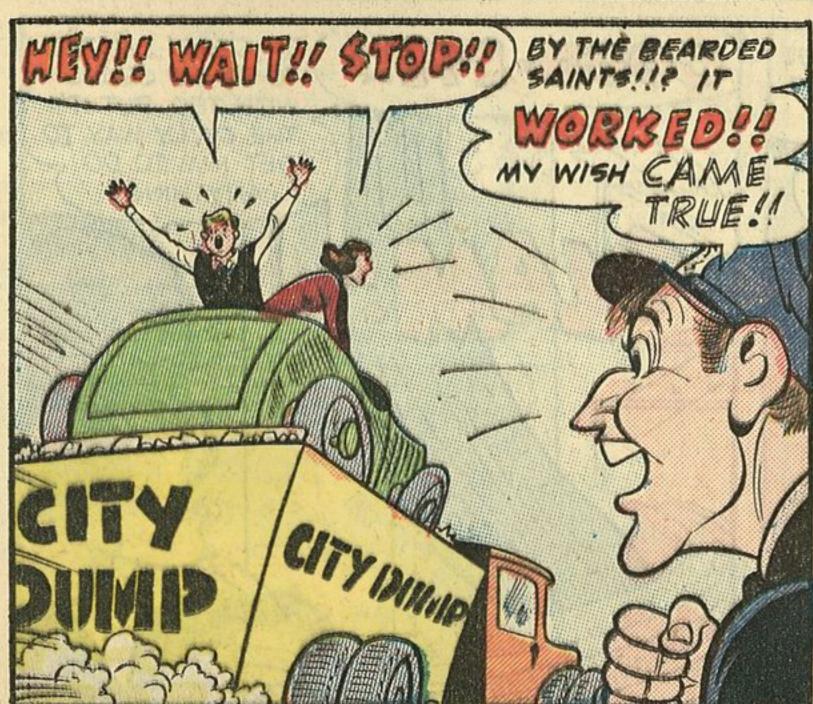














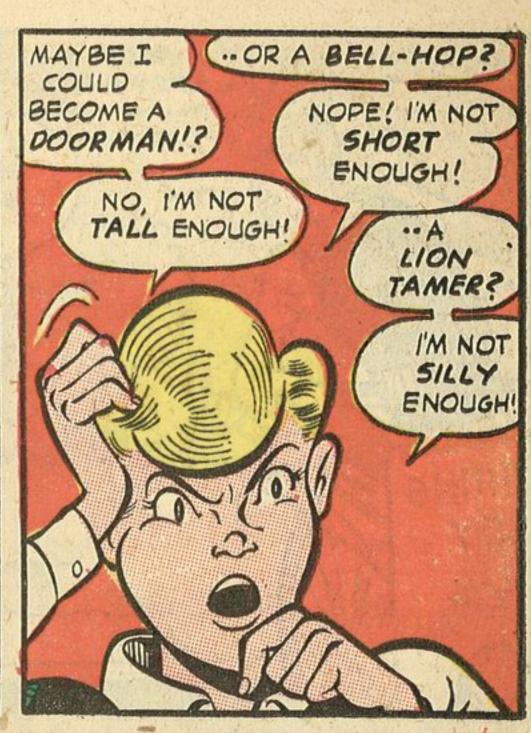




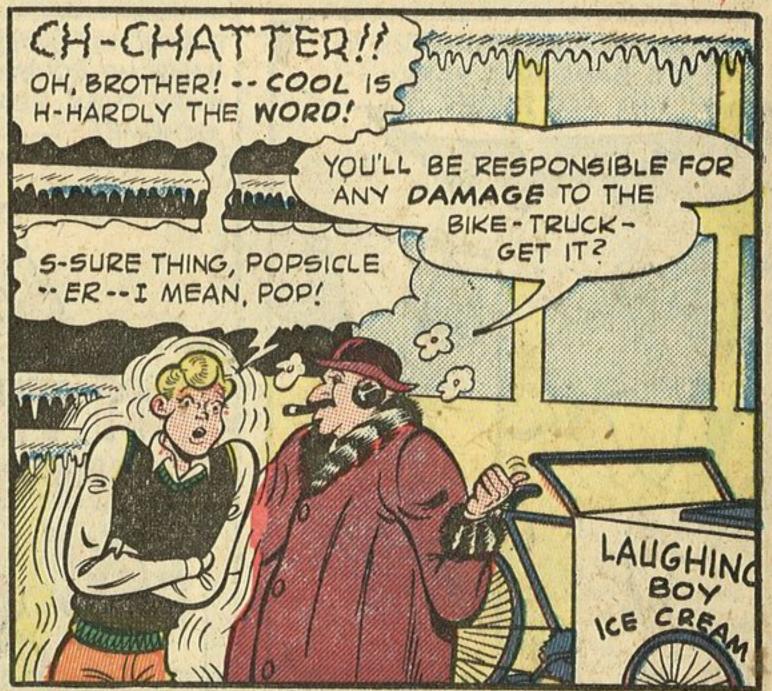


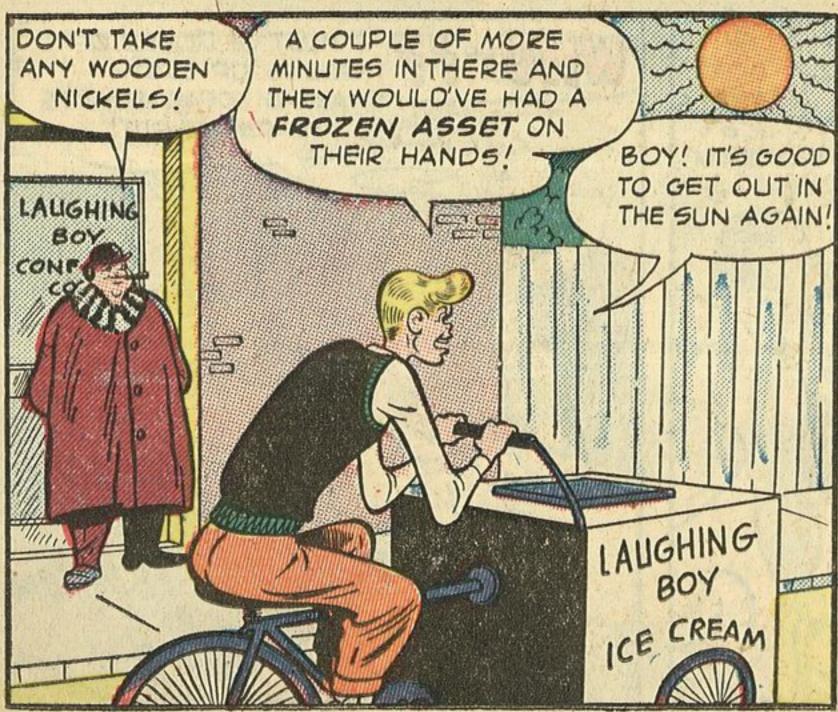


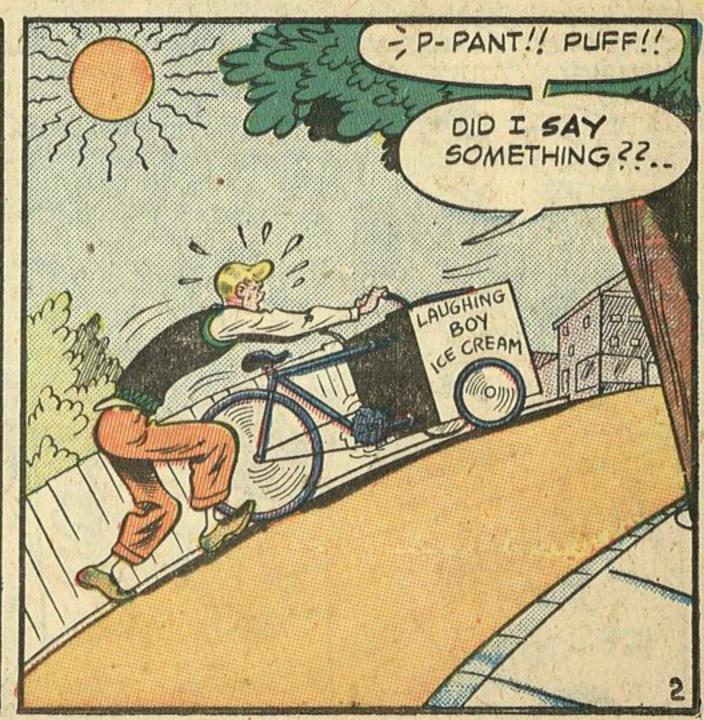


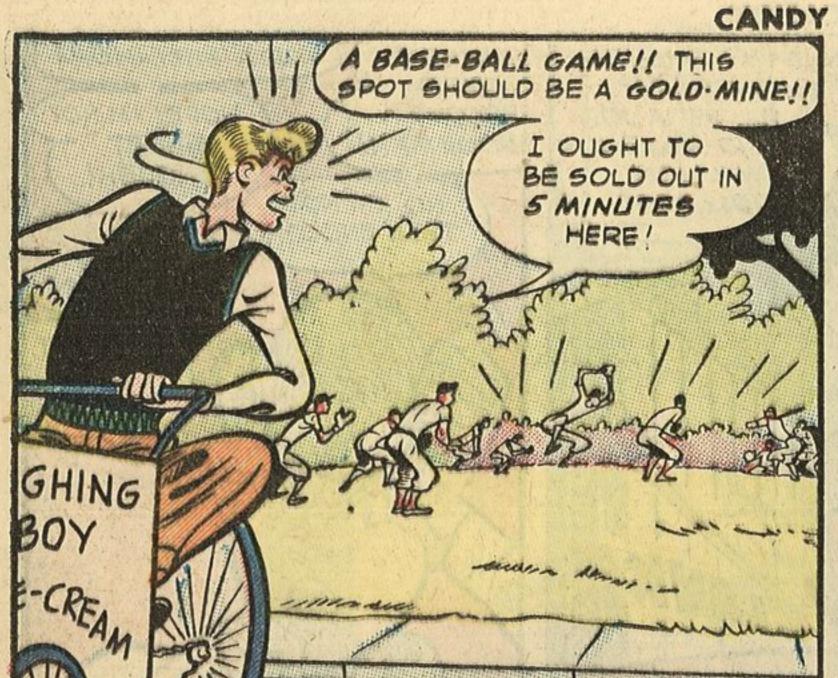


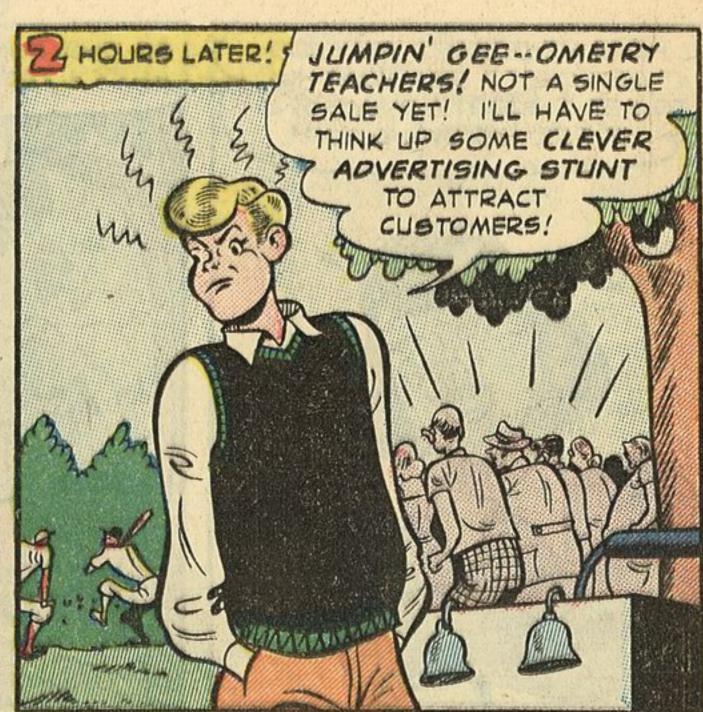






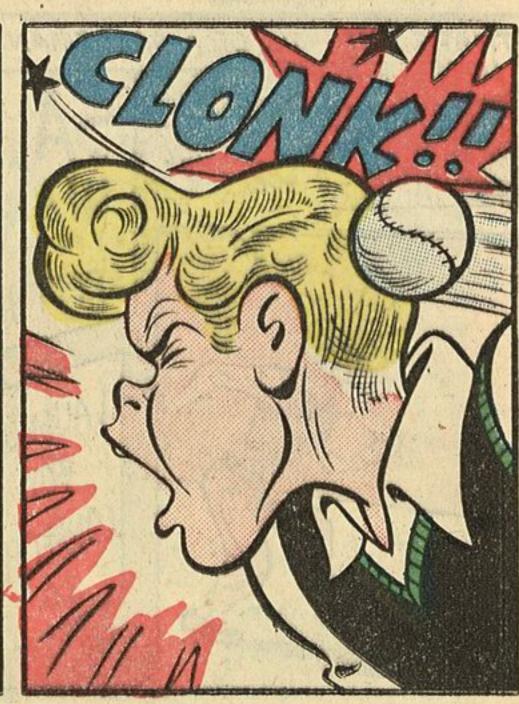










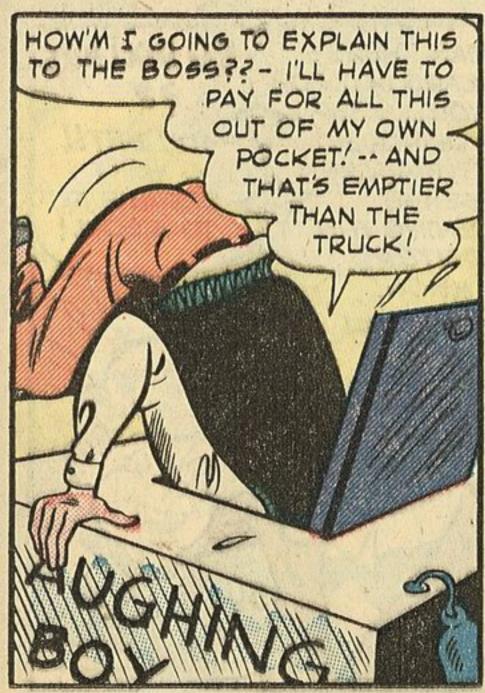






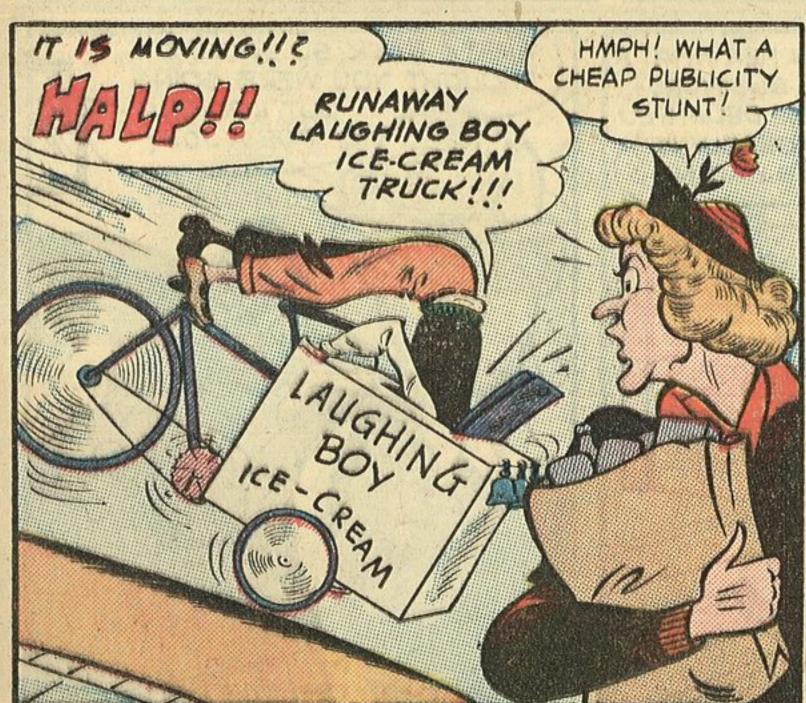


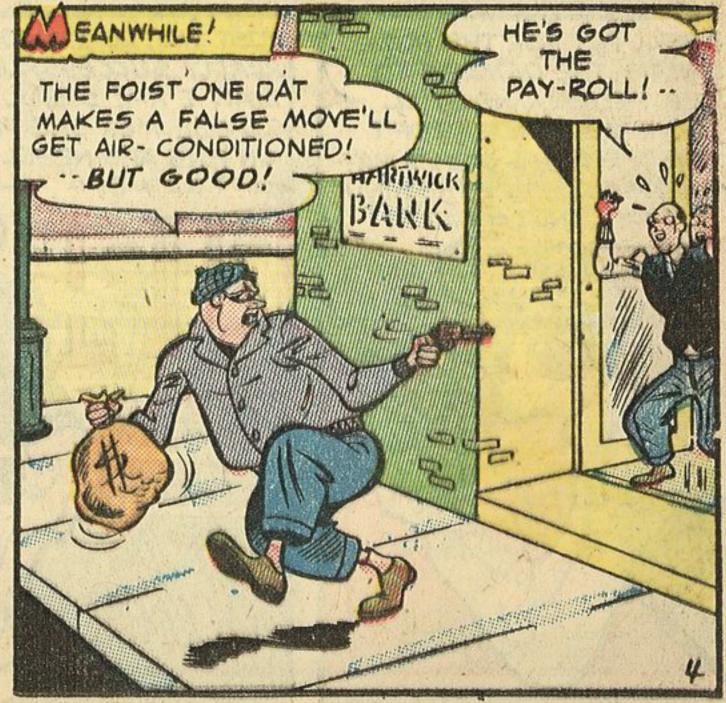


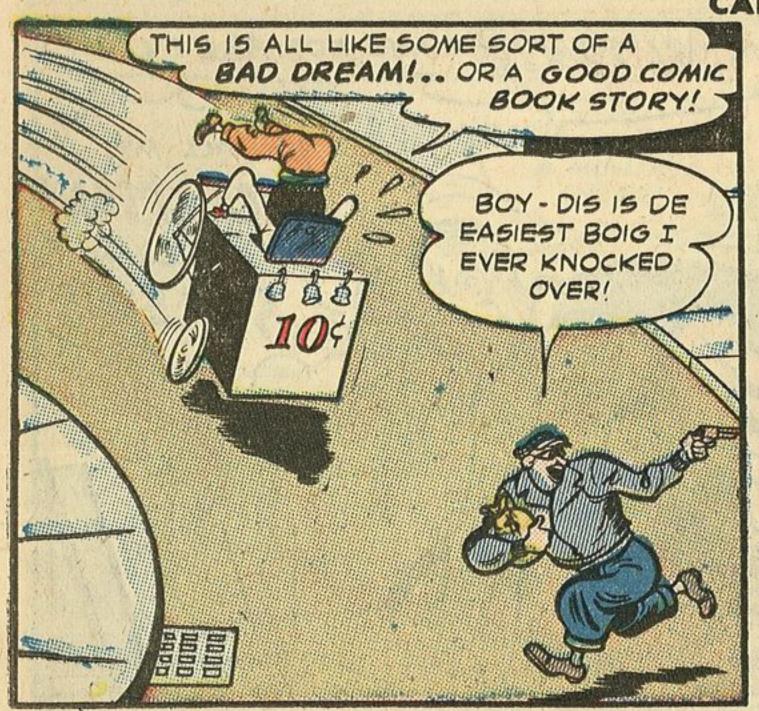


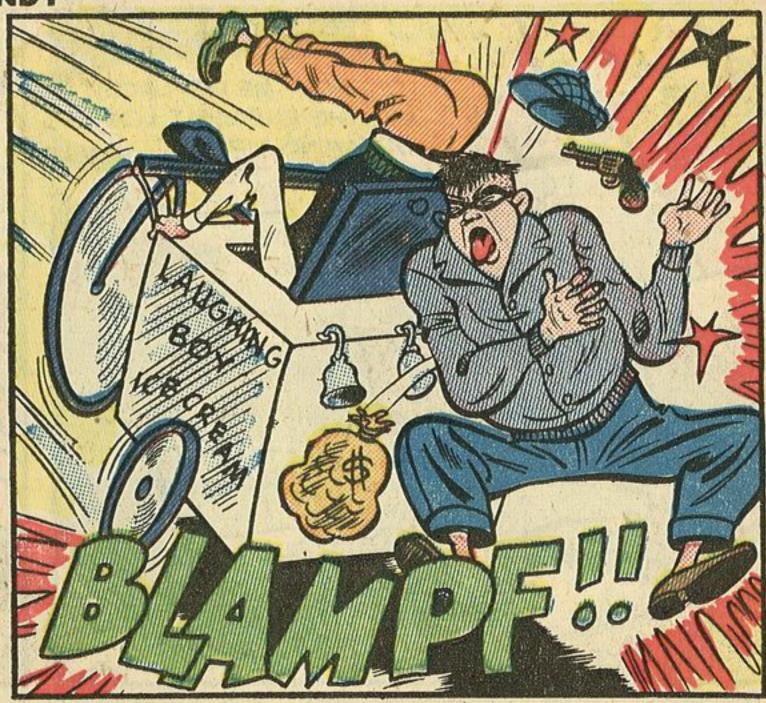


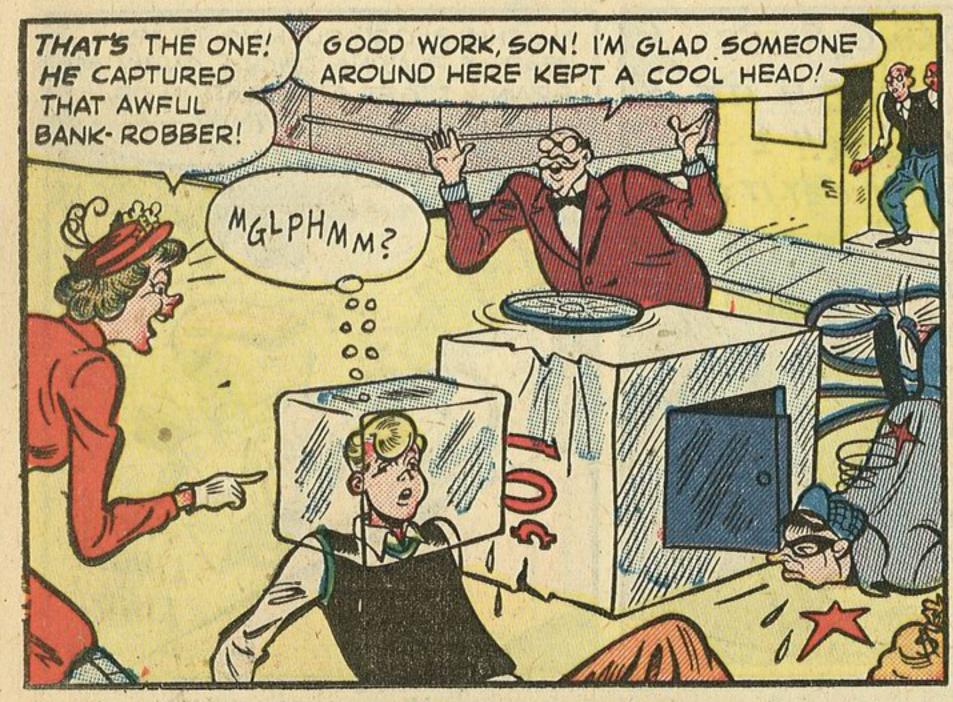


















JUST WAIT'LL I SHOW HER WHAT A













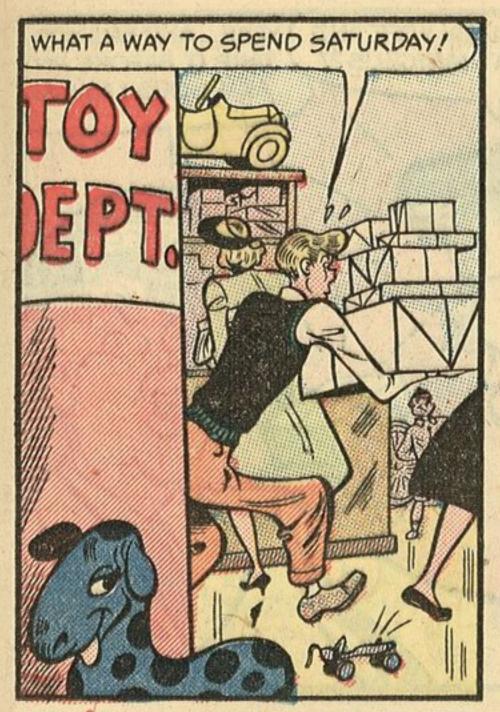














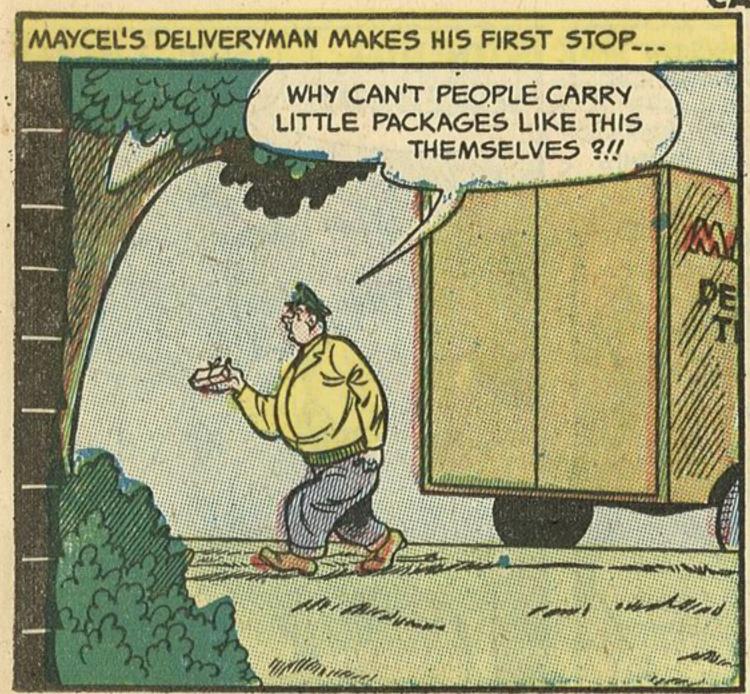






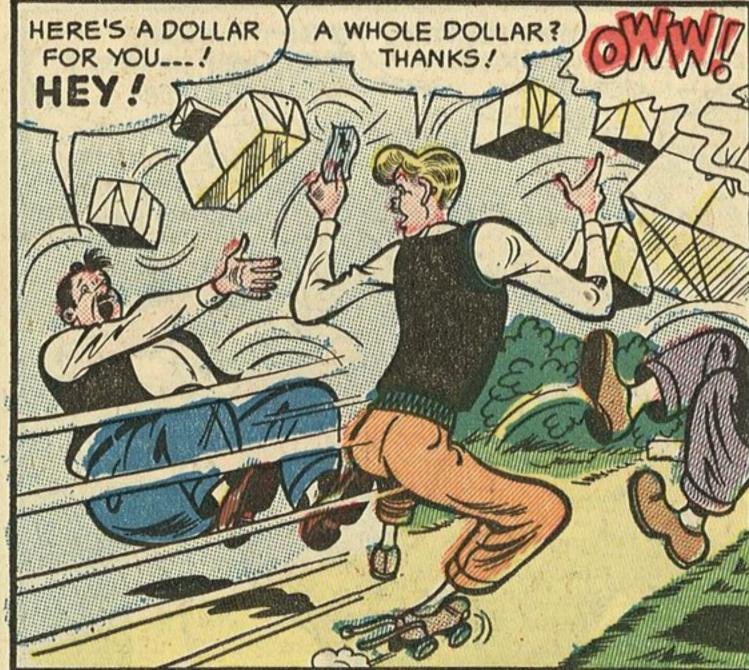
















边上级美边上层

CANDY O'CONNOR dashed out the door of her house and down the walk, struggling into her jacket as she went. A battered jalopy came wheeling around the corner and jammed to a stop in front of her. "Hold it, dream girl," laughed Ted Dawson, "I knew you were crazy about me, but I've never seen you so eager to keep a date." Candy ran around the car and climbed in. "Very funny, Mr. Dawson. But the date is off. Will you rush me over to Mrs. Carin's house? I'm going to take care of young Rollo. She had to get downtown in a hurry and all her other baby sitters are busy and—"

"Give me time to catch up," interrupted Ted.
"What gives with this 'no date' routine, and how can you skip a Saturday afternoon dance to go over and take care of that little cyclone?" Candy tossed her head with impatience. "I just told you, her other baby sitters are tied up and the least I can do is to help out since Mrs. Carin is mother's good friend. Anyway," she continued, "it may not be for long because Rollo's uncle is getting into town this afternoon and he'll take over then."

"Oh, fine," muttered Ted, "here you are all involved with old-fogy uncles and I'm left flat-footed without a date for the dance." Candy blew up, "Ted Dawson, if all you want is a date, I'm sure you can find one," she exploded. Ted clanged to a stop in front of the Carin home and turned to Candy. "Okay glamourpuss. If that's your attitude, I think I'll do just that. And while you're baby sitting, you can think of me, doin' a few flings with another chick." Candy scrambled out of the car and slammed the door shut. She stomped up the walk, her head held high and as she heard Ted's car pull away, she turned and glared after him.

Later, as young Rollo napped, Candy thought back over her discussion with Ted. Her head was full of pictures of Ted with other girls. Maybe the gorgeous new redhead just moved to town, or perhaps even Cornelia Clyde, Candy's arch enemy. The thought curdled her.

Meanwhile, Ted wasn't being too successful in his search for a date. After making several futile phone calls from the soda shop, he dialed his home. "Mom, I'll clean the cellar today, after all," he said disconsolately, "I don't have a date for the dance and—" His eyes widened at his mother's reply, "That's fine, Ted, because Mrs. Morton just stopped in. You remember Mrs. Norton from Dantonville, she and I grew up together and . . ." After Mrs. Dawson had covered the history of her friendship with Mrs. Morton, she explained that Mrs. Morton's teen-age daughter was with her. "And you can take Darlene to the dance. She's really a lovely girl." "Hold it, Mom," cried Ted excitedly, "I'll be home in a flash." He dashed out of the store and hopped into his car. "Wow," he mused as he drove along," Darlene! Sounds like a lush dish. I'll bet she's a real doll. Wait'll Candy O'Connor latches onto this bit of news. Dawson dates out-of-town queen. Yahoo!" He stopped the car in front of a public phone and hurriedly dialed a number. Candy answered. "Just thought I'd clue you, gal. I'm taking a new fluff to the dance, so you needn't feel too badly about standing me up while you baby sit." Candy replied angrily, "I don't care WHO you take to the dance. Of all the goldplated nerve, calling me up to tell me that. I'm through with men forever, Ted Dawson. Goodbye."

Ten minutes later, Candy changed her tune. The doorbell rang and she went to open it. There stood a tall, tan and terrific boy, carrying a pile of packages. He smiled in a friendly fashion, "Hi," he greeted, "I'm Chris Carin, Rollo's uncle. Ran into my relative downtown. She'll be in in a moment." He looked back, indicated the car. Mrs. Carin, was emerging, loaded with bundles.

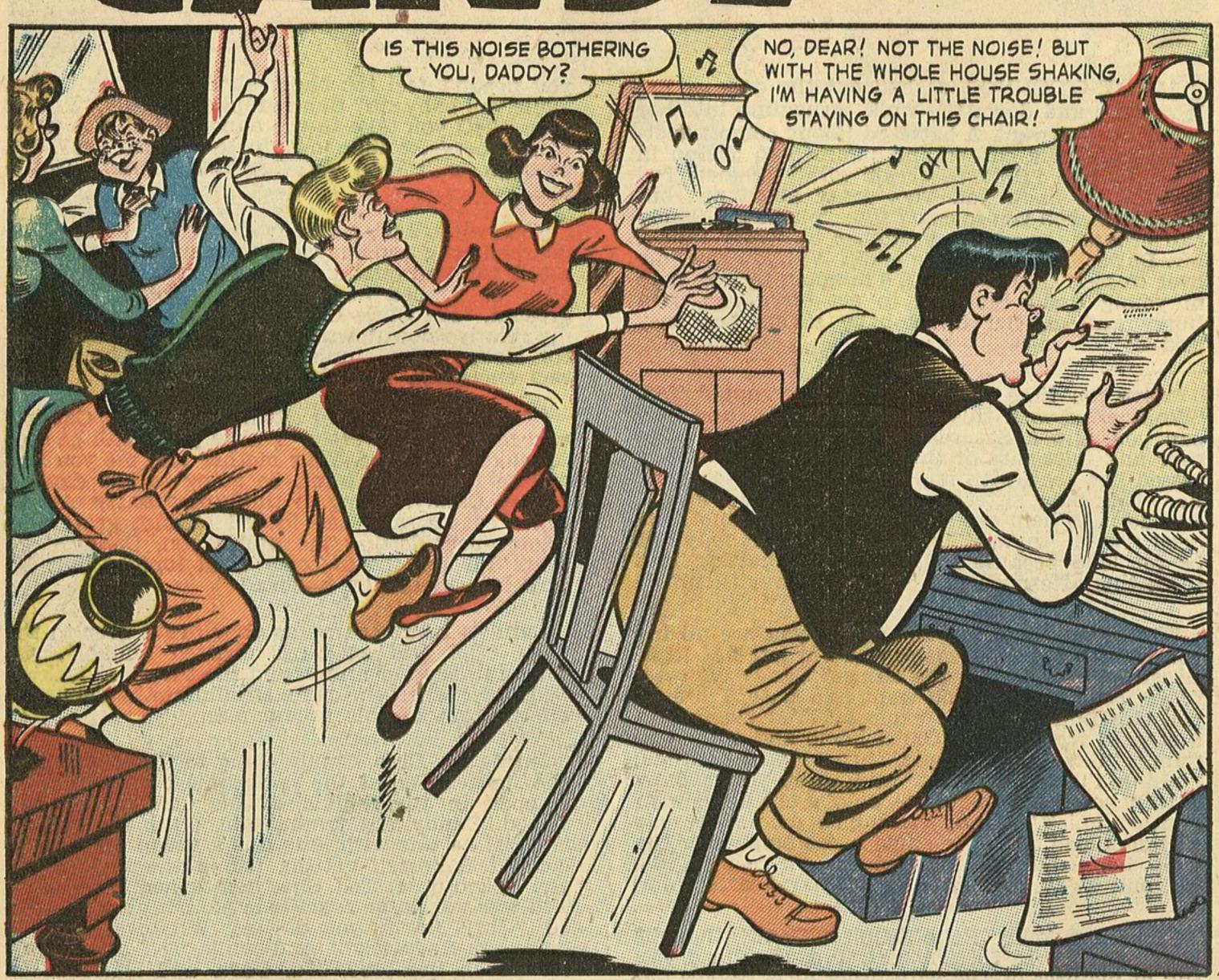
"Thanks so much for sitting with Rollo, Candy," said Mrs. Carin sweetly, "I hope you'll still be able to make the dance. Your mother told me you had a date for it." "I won't be going to the dance," replied Candy, trying to think of a hasty excuse. Chris cut in, and she looked at him gratefully. "How about letting me squire you, Candy?" he said. "I'll only be in town until tonight, but I'd sure love to do the honors."

Candy's heart soared as they drove over to the Teen Club and as Chris chatted amiably, she couldn't keep her mind from the surprised look on Ted's face when she came strolling in to the dance on the arm of this dream man.

Inside the Club, Candy clung to Chris' arm and she spotted Ted at the same time he saw her. He stopped in the middle of the dance floor, and stared. Candy felt triumphant until she noticed the girl he was with. She was a vision and Candy could feel herself getting red in the face as the girl looked up at Ted. She then turned to see what Ted was watching. A smile broke out and she called, "Chris Carin, you darling. Whatever are you doing in Hartwick?" And while Ted and Candy looked on dumbfounded, Chris and Darlene ran towards each other happily. "I didn't expect to see you until tonight, baby," cried Chris. "I was, going to Dantonville right after the dance. What a surprise!" Moments later, they realized that Candy and Ted were standing by, looking on curiously. In a flurry of conversation they both spoke at once. "Sorry, Candy," said Chris, "this is-er, a good friend, Darlene Morton." "And this is Ted Dawson," said Darlene, introducing the dumbfounded Ted to both Candy and Chris. Candy recovered first. "Oh, Ted and I know each other, Darlene. As a matter of fact, we have a date for later on, don't we Ted?" she said, looking at him significantly. "We sure do," spouted Ted enthusiastically, "so why not switch right here and start all our dates on an earlier schedule?" And he swept Candy out onto the dance floor. For several moments, neither of them spoke.

Then they both broke into helpless laughter. "Wow, sugarfoot," said Ted, "you sure 'ad me scared when you moved in with that guy, "Well I don't mind admitting that I did a double take when I saw you with that blonde," replied Candy wisely. "From now on, we better stay around ome base." Ted looked down at her, smiling mischievously, "You said it. There's no telling what a haby sitting job can get you into!"

CANDY NOISE IS GOOD NOISE"









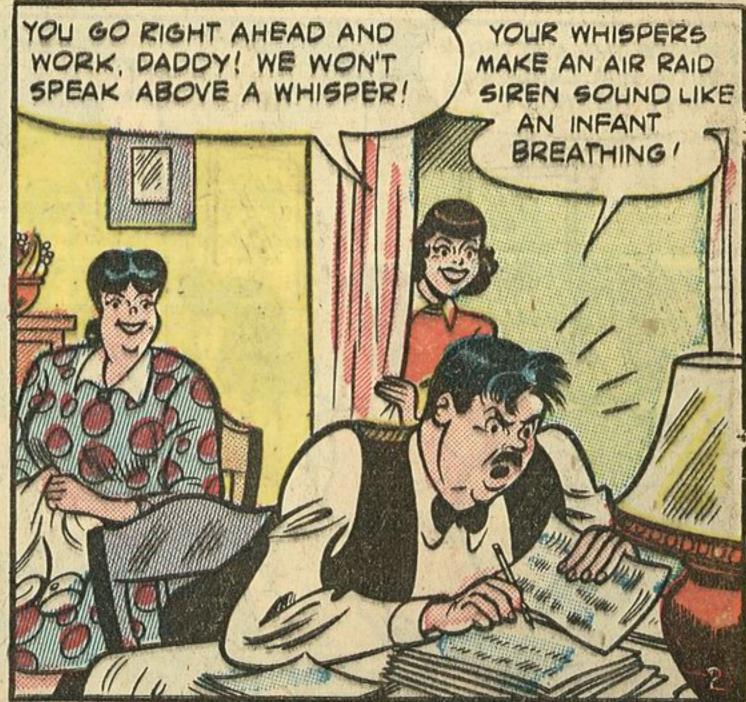


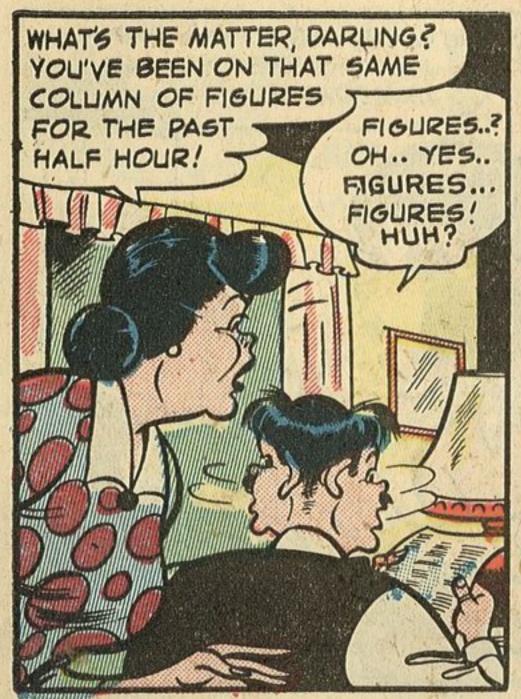






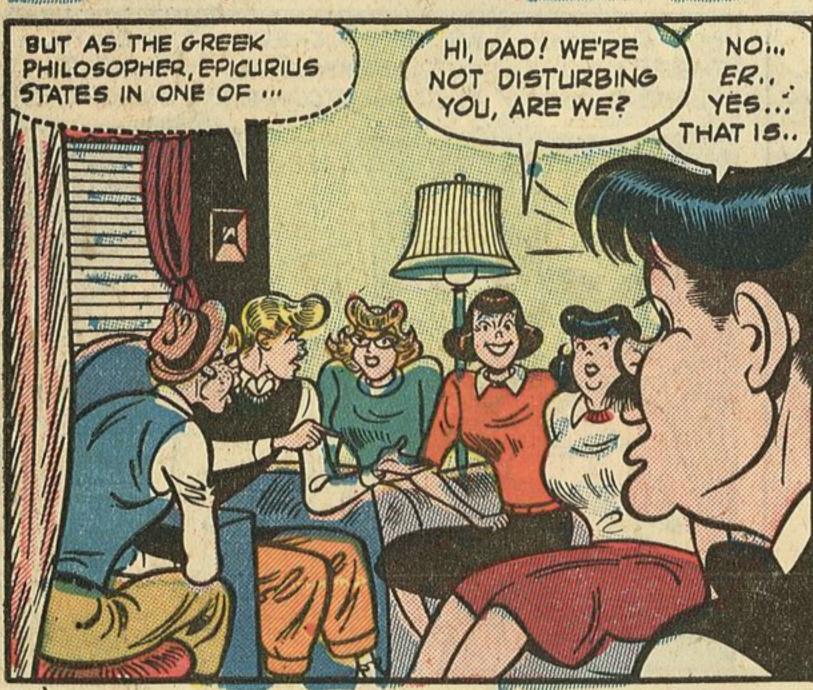
















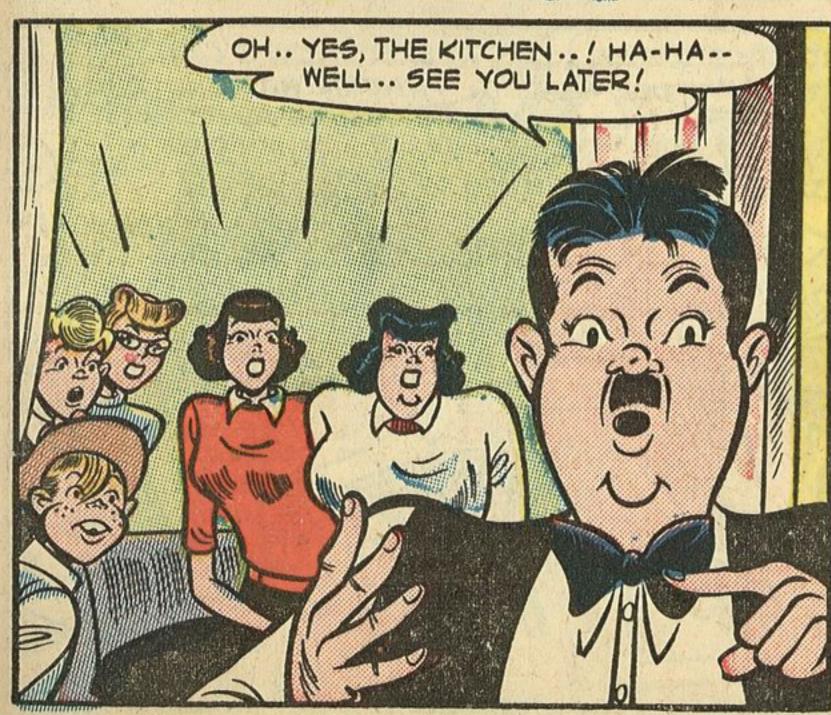












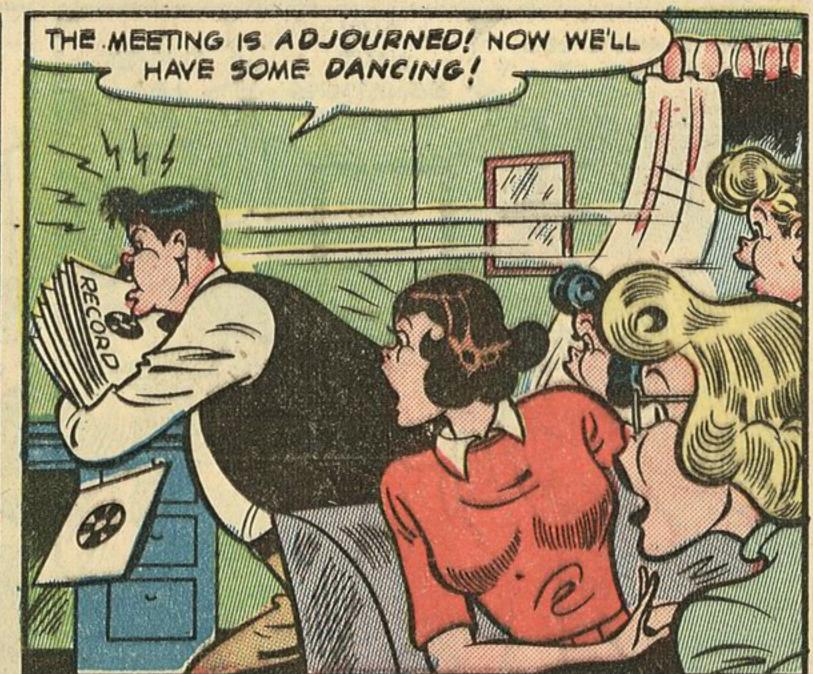


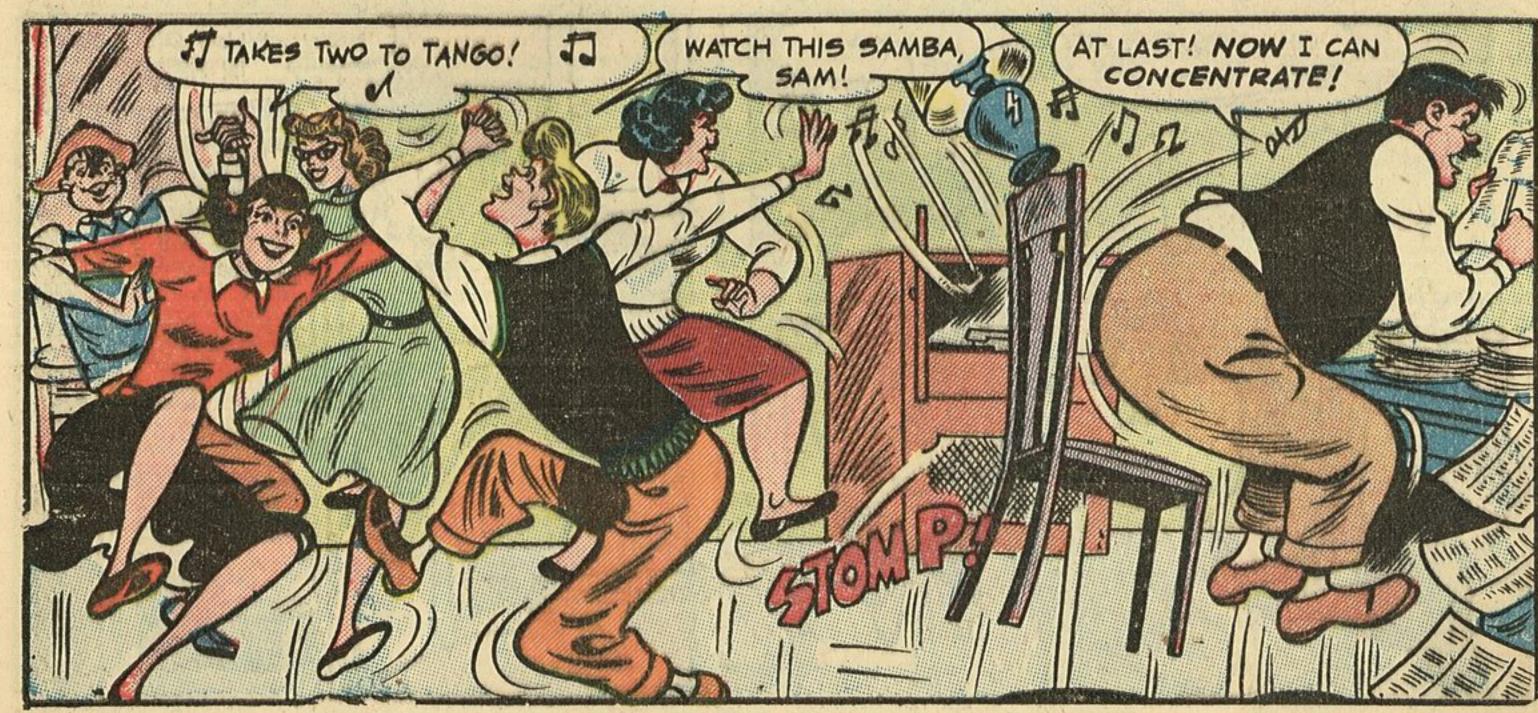
















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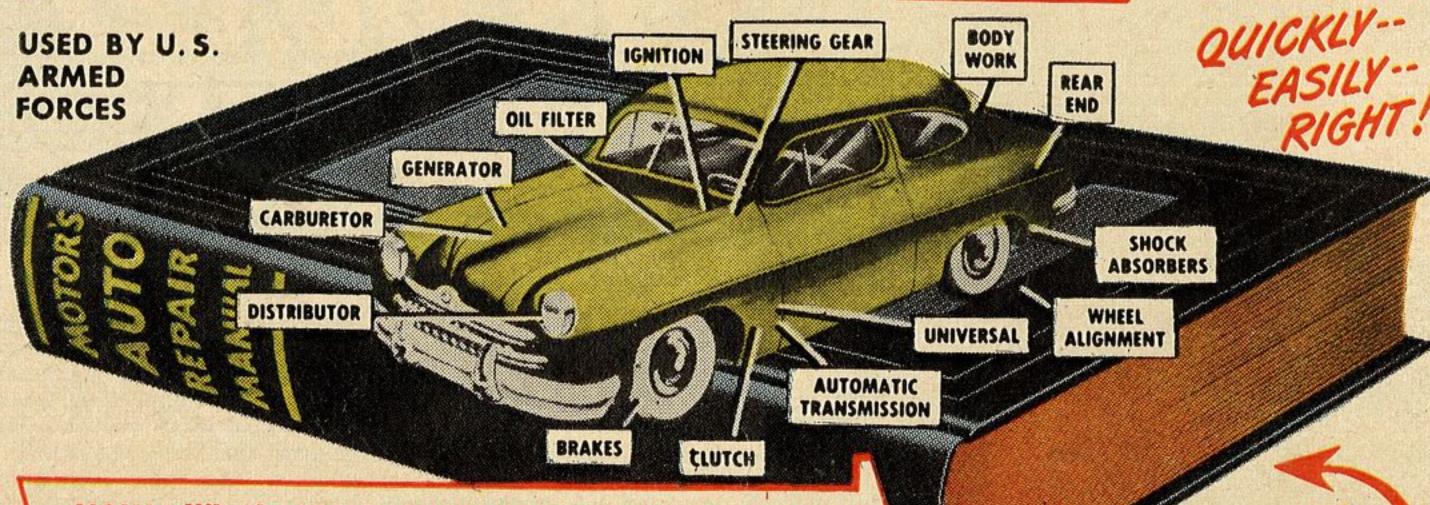
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